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# BLACK EYED SUSAN

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OR,  
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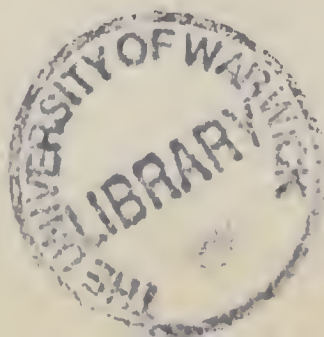
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OCEAN NYMPHS. SAILORS. MARINES. LASSES.



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[*This Burlesque is on the Dramatic Author's List.*]

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PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—*The Ocean's Bed.* OCEAN NYMPHS *discovered.*  
*Their dance is suddenly interrupted by the descent of an enormous grapnel—in terror they run up to where NEPTUNE is reposing.*

NEPT. Sleep, gentle sleep, I cannot stand this number  
Of people interfering with my slumber;  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown— (*sees grapnel*)  
Good gracious me, what's this that's coming down?  
Where are my glasses? let me have a look—  
Ah! I have got my *eye* upon a *hook*,  
Catch it, it's gone; again to bed I'll go,  
And try to sleep.

ATLANTIC CABLE. (*above*)      Hullo! look out below.

# THE LATEST EDITION OF BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

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*First Produced at the New Royalty Theatre, (under the Management of Miss Oliver) on Nov. 29, 1866.*

## PROLOGUE.

NEPTUNE	. . . . .	Mr. Gemmer.
WIENO	. . . . .	Miss Severn.
WIENA	. . . . .	Miss Carew.

## THE DRAMA.

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL	. . . . .	Mr. D. Fairfield.
CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.	. . . . .	Mr. F. Dewar.
WILLIAM	. . . . .	Miss Rosina Ranoe
HATCHETT	. . . . . ( <i>a Deal Smuggler</i> )	Mr. C. Wyndham.
RAKER	. . . . . ( <i>an I-deal Smuggler</i> )	Miss Ada Taylor.
DOGGRAES	. . . . . ( <i>Susan's Uncle</i> )	Mr. J. Russell.
GNATBRAIN	. . . . .	Miss Heath.
ADMIRAL OF THE RED	. . . . .	Mr. Hollis
ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE	. . . . .	Mr. Gemmer.
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Ah! I have got my *eye* upon a *hook*,  
Catch it, it's gone; again to bed I'll go,  
And try to sleep.

ATLANTIC CABLE. (*above*)      Hullo! look out below.



NEPT. Look out below ! this is a sort of thing  
I do not like—they can't know I'm a king.

CABLE. (*above*) Now look out for'ard. (*grapnel*)

NEPT. This is too absurd,  
(*gets R., another grapnel catches his dress behind.*)  
'Hem, look out for'ard wasn't quite the word—

*Enter WIRENO, L. U. E., with broken piece of cable.*

WIRENO. (L.) Unhook me, girls, that is if you are able.

NEPT. (R.) And who are you ?

WIRENO. I'm the Atlantic Cable  
Of sixty-six, just come down from above,  
To find Wirena, my last year's lost love !  
Say, gentle shepherd, have you seen—

NEPT. Not seen her ;  
And I don't know her if I did.

WIRENO. Wirena !  
She fell, and then I thought I heard her squeals,  
She's taken p'raps to her *electric eels*.  
My hair stood up on end, sir, lock by lock,  
My wig resembled an *electric shock*.

NEPT. Or to adapt an old Shakesperian line,  
Like quills upon th' *electric porcupine*.

WIRENO. Don't jest, but think upon the ruinous cost,  
If after all poor sixty-five is lost ;  
I am all right, but still the whole affair  
Is not complete until we can repair  
The past.

NEPT. Says Mrs. Glass "first catch your hare."

WIRENO. That saying now-a-days my friend won't pass  
Muster with us, but *à propos* of Glass  
We the old saw have thus re-set entire,  
As Mister Glass does say, first catch your wire.

*Enter WIRENA, R. 1 E., and crosses to C. embrace.*

NEPT. (*here gets R.*) In each other's arms thus locked  
By their electric sympathies, I'm shocked.



WIRENO. (L.) I am so glad to find you here alive,  
So fresh—

NEPT. (R.) So young.

WIRENA. (C.) Although I'm sixty-five.

NEPT. Well, you don't look it; Time don't play his  
tricks

With you—

WIRENO. (L.) Or me, for I am sixty-six.  
Your loss gave all our friends above much pain,  
How glad they'll be to see you once again.  
A failure, eried out many a reporter,  
We'd more though than one iron in the water—  
And here you are.

WIRENA. (C.) Sorry to distress you,

NEPT. (×'s behind WIRENO to C. and joins their hands)

Well, there I join your hands my children, bless you.

WIRENO. Now then for separate maintenane; so nice  
you

Can go about alone, but first I'll spliee you.

(*Flees shore end on, then pulls a cracker in front of him*)

The electric spark, you see, comes from the link,  
What kept you?

WIRENA. (*getting R.*) Something wrong, dear, with my  
link.

NEPT. (*down C.*) But now you are all right?

WIRENO. (L.) From coast to coast  
Thousands of miles, believe me I don't boast,  
In one brief minute, will our hands, your's, mine  
Transmit a message, now we've dropped a line;  
Old with new country thus communicates,  
Making the two the True United States.

NEPT. (C.) A message in a minute by the cable,  
To me it sounds like some Great Eastern fable.

(*A shock, they jump.*)

WIRENA. (R.) A message (*chord*)

WIRENO. (*second shock*) Answered.

NEPT. Tell me.

WIRENO. We can't keep one

Secret from you, who are the thorough deep one;  
 I'll tell you, 'tis from Black-eyed Susan to  
 Her William.

NEPT. What does she want him to do?

WIRENA. Give him the story.

NEPT. While I've leisure, no.

WIRENO. Good, you shall learn why, wherefore, and  
 the how.

NEPT. Lord Howe the Admiral, oh, I recollect:

WIRENO. No, come and see the cause and the effect,  
 So wind your horn, above they'll *wind the drum*.

(NEPTUNE *blows his shell horn and NYMPHS re-assemble.*)

Up to the surface of the sea we'll come.

WIRENA. There you will show him.

WIRENO. Everything I meant  
 And satisfy him to his *heart's content*.

#### GRAND TRIO.

WIRENO. (R.) From the bottom of the sea  
 We will rise: 'twill be a lark  
 Susan's story hear from me—  
 I am the electric spark.

WIRENA. (L.) Thus united, go we must  
 To the top and look alive;  
 For the cable you may trust,  
 Sixty-six and Sixty-five.

TRIO. Merrily, merrily proceeding,

WIRENO. Come with me, and come with me;

TRIO. Speedily we will set you  
 reading } *bis.*

WIRENO. Our new message.

TRIO. From the sea!

From the bottom of the sea  
 We will rise; 'twill be a lark;  
 Susan's story hear from me—  
 I am the electric spark.  
 Thus united, go we must  
 To the top and look alive;  
 For the cable you may trust,  
 Sixty-six and Sixty-five.

	Merrily, merrily proceeding, }	
WIENO.	Come with me, and come with me; }	
TRIO.	Speedily we will set you reading }	bis.
WIENO.	Our new message }	
TRIO.	From the sea! }	

## STORY.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Downs of Deal, being a view wherein you'll see a deal of the Downs.*—Melodramatic music. Enter HATCHETT mysteriously L. 2 E., he beckons off to RAKER who enters cautiously, L. 2 E.

HATC. Belay you snivelling varmint or you'll catch it.  
(swings RAKER round to R.)

RAKE. Stop! Don't. I want to ax, to ax you Hatchett  
Why you have brought me here? Is it to make a  
Fool of me?

HATC. (L.) No, *that* can't be done now, Raker,  
Hey, Raker?

RAKE. I call a spade a spade and don't like dodges.

HATC. You know the cottage where Dame Hatley  
lodges. (starts and looks round.)

RAKE. Where Black-eyed Susan dwells?

HATC. The very same.

Sweet Susan!

RAKE. Oh! is that your little game.

HATC. I'm going ——

RAKE. Then good bye, don't stay for me.

HATC. You albatross, avast! I'm going to be ——

RAKE. Make haste, my nerves are dreadfully unstrung.

HATC. I'm going to be—eh! do you guess?

RAKE. Yes: hung.

HATC. (starting back, L.) Broadships and booms! I'm  
going to be spliced.

RAKE. Jibs, junks, and capsterns! whom have you  
enticed?

HATC. What should you say if I said Susan?

RAKE. Why

I should observe that you had told a lie,



But, I would add, from observation past,  
'Tisn't the first and 'twill not be the last.

HATC. Aha!

RAKE. Slack your caboose! or I'll instead—(*aside to audience.*)

He *has* slacked his caboose as I have said.

HATC. I'll gain her hand and two black eyes: oh, fine!

RAKE. Her hand, I'll give you two black eyes with mine.

HATC. Aha!

RAKE. Haul in your mizen: for I see  
Doggrass, your other rascal.

*Enter DOGGRASS, R. 2 E., and gets C. DOGGRASS has his hat in hand, in saluting. HATCHETT gives his red cap in exchange.*

DOG. (C., *sweetly*) Meaning me?

HATC. (L.) Stow yarns, and say on what tack are you bent.

DOG. Well, I am *tacking* for a little rent  
Which Mrs. Hatley owes me; poor old soul.

RAKE. (R.) What *all*?

DOG. I look on *my rent* as a whole,  
That is my tack as you have quaintly said.

HATC. I knew. (*smacks DOGGRASS on back.*)

DOG. You hit the right *tack* on the head.  
Yes, with my feelings I've had many battles—  
I'm going to seize poor Susan's goods and chattels.

HATC. But if I pay the tin for Black-eyed S.,  
You won't oppose her marrying me?

DOG. Oh! yes.

HATC. Aha!

DOG. (X L.) I mean. Oh, no. (*aside*) That black-eyed belle,  
This mariner's for marryin' her—well,  
(*aloud*, L.) Let it be so; but p'raps you think I silly am,  
Aren't she ——

HATC. (C.) Eh? What?

RAKE. (R.) He means—the wife of William!

HATC. Anchors and maintops! William! I will  
Pay *you*, and also settle that there *Bill*.

DOG. But ain't that little Bill soon due on shore?

HATC. No: he has got to run two years or more.  
And even then her Bill she will not meet,  
For which no one can send her to the Fleet,  
Because it is as plain as is my fist,  
The Fleet, as used to was, does not exist,  
And what is more ——

RAKE. (*starts*) What's more?

HATC. Why William ain't,  
He bean't no more. (*×'s to R.*)

RAKE. He bean't, you mean he bain't.

DOG. (L.) Gone to the shrimps, and lobsters and the  
rest——

Well, everything as is, is for the best.

(*Holds red cap under his eyes, as if to drop a tear. RAKER  
takes it and wipes his eyes, and gives it to HATCHETT,  
who discovers the exchange, throws DOGGRASS'S hat over  
to him and puts on red cap.*)

RAKE. (C.) It happened——

HATC. (R.) Nigh twelve months ago: near here——

DOG. Our lobsters were uncommon fine last year.

HATC. Avast with your salt water! What would you  
Say if I said as what I said warn't true.

DOG. Not drowneded, I should say. Would you, eh?

RAKE. I

Should say, you'd been and told another lie.

HATC. Aha! (*DOGGRASS gets behind RAKER, L.*)

RAKE. (L. C.) Oh drowse your glim.

DOG. (*aside to RAKER*) You manage *him*,  
I don't know how to make him drowse his glim.

HATC. Well?

RAKE. I've a twinge (*goes up C.*)

DOG. (L., *wheedling*) The money you will pay.

(*HATCHETT takes DOGGRASS by the hand*)

RAK. (*down R.*) I've gagged the pilot conscience.

HATC. (*taking RAKER'S hand*) Right. Belay.

(*All cross hands*)

TRIO. AIR—*Policeman*, 99 X.

- DOG. (L.) You will go to see  
                    With me  
                    The house of Black-eyed Susan.
- HATC. (C.) You will go intent  
                    On rent  
                    The which she cannot pay.
- DOG.           When I find she is "behind"  
                    And payment is "refusion."
- RAKE. (to HATCHETT) You come down,  
                    With half a crown  
                    Or more: I see the way.
- HATC. (to RAKER) You must tell a lie, too.
- RAKE. (C.)           A resource to fly to  
                    Which ——
- DOG.           And so have I too,  
                    An objection you would say.
- TRIO.           We must tell a lie too  
                    A resource to fly to,  
                    Which—well we must try to  
                    Our objections drive away.
- HATC. (to RAKER) You will tell her,  
                    Just to sell her,  
                    That you saw young Billy  
                    Knocked down by a marlin-spike,  
                    Or drowned in the sea.
- RAKE.   Yes, I understand,  
                    By hand,  
                    I saw him knocked quite silly—  
                    Out of time, and this in rhyme  
                    I'll tell her: trust to me.  
                    Susan doesn't know me,  
                    She'll believe it, blow me!  
                    What a pretty set of ugly villains  
                    We must be.



TRIO. Susan doesn't know { him, } &c.  
me, }

(Dance generally characteristic of villany. Escuent the  
three R.)

*Music—to which the British Fleet you see, because it is in sight—a boat leaves the vessel. One Gun. Enter SAILORS L. and R. U. E. A boat containing WILLIAM rowing and CAPTAIN CROSTREE steering comes alongside. WILLIAM jumps out. The bow of boat goes up and the stern down, so that CAPTAIN CROSTREE almost disappears, except his cocked hat—great cheering—WILLIAM then turns round and gives his hand to CAPTAIN CROSTREE who jumps on a SAILOR's back and waves his telescope—Tableau—one cheer—during the next speech the CAPTAIN arranges his dress, dusts his boots, and looks anxiously through his telescope off R. and L., then R. U. E. and L. U. E., while SAILORS come down.*

WIL. (c.) Shiver my anchors! bless my marlin-spikes!  
If this ain't just the sort o' thing I likes!  
Messmates, what cheer? (*they cheer*)  
Another! (*they cheer again*)  
Reef my spars!

Naval and Milit'ry: *sailors with Huzzas,*  
Let one for Captain Crosstree (*he comes down*)  
Wake the dyke (*they cheer*)

CAPT. (*down c.*)      *Ah any thing you like*  
 "All in the Downs"—look sharp—for our ship hoves  
 In sight of such a lot of downy coves.  
 Now don't look such uncommon solemn folks  
 And always laugh, boys, at your Captain's jokes.

(*Music—The GIRLS come on L.—The CAPTAIN C. puts his hand up to stop their going to SAILORS, R.—SAILORS on L. cross over to SAILORS on R.—WILLIAM remains L. and inspects girls as they pass.*)

WIL. (*aside, down L.*) Susan!

CAPT. Now, in a quiet sort of way,  
You boys and girls may all go out and play.

(*Music.—The GIRLS mix with the SAILORS.—WILLIAM goes from one to another and can't find SUSAN.*)

CAPT. (*in front. GIRLS and SAILORS go off during his speech.*)

'Twas from the maintop gallant that I saw  
The fairest damsel standing on the shore,  
(*first couple, R. 2 E.*)

Where she was wandering, the pretty loiterer,  
I brought her near me with my reconnoiterer,  
(*second couple, R. U. E.*)

So near that I could almost hear her voice  
Sighing, give me that Captain for my choice.  
(*third couple, L. U. E.*)

Yes, there's about me, as the gods all do say,  
A Jenny say quor, you know, as parleyvoos say.  
(*fourth couple, L. 2 E.*)

Talking of ginny I must get a glass  
Of something neat, and then to find this lass.  
(*fifth couple, L.*)

Down here some fine old fruity I could toss:  
But where?—at the Port Admiral's of course.  
(*Exit CAPTAIN, R.*)

*the last couple have now gone off and WILLIAM comes down.*

WIL. Where's Susan? I have raked 'em fore and aft.  
No. Is there trickery about my craft?  
'Bout her not coming I won't make no rumpus,  
But Black-eyed Susan's heart should be her compass.  
Her needle, sharp as Horse-marine's gun bag'net,  
Hepe it ain't been attracted by some magnate.  
I'm chicken-hearted! lay me under hatches,  
Or in the cockpit.

*Enter SHAUN O'PLOUGHSHARE, L. 2 E.*

Ha!—belay! Dispatches!

SHAUN. (L.) Why, wirra, wirra, was I iver born?

WIL. (R.) Don't look so sheepish.

SHAUN. Sheepish? sure I'm Shaun,  
'Tis Shaun-the-Post, in England re-appearing,  
But I'm no sheep.

WIL. Then where to are you *sheering*?  
Give us your grappling iron.

SHAUN. If you mane  
My fist—I'll give yez that, sorr, nate and clane,  
Ye'll tread upon the tail, sorr, of my coat.

(*x's to R.—WILLIAM catches hold of him.*)

Unhand me, sorr, for William I've a note,  
For William who'se at sea.

WIL. 'Tis mine.

SHAUN. Bedad!

WIL. Give it to me.

SHAUN. I'll give it you, my lad.

Hoorush! (*whirls his shillelagh about, strikes WILLIAM  
who suddenly catches the other end of it and raps him  
on the head—he falls down in a sitting position as  
DOLLY MAYFLOWER runs in L.—beat on drum as  
SHAUN falls*)

DOLLY. (L.) It cannot be! you are——

WIL. (C.) I are! (*embraces DOLLY*)

*Enter GNATBRAIN, L.*

GNAT. What Dolly Mayflower hugging of a tar:  
Your Gnatbrain says ta, ta for ever. Go (*going L.*)

DOLLY. (*pulls him back by coat*) You jealous donkey.  
Why, it's William.

GNAT. Oh!

Sweet William (*x'ing*)

WIL. (R. C.) Yes, young gard'ner, I that Billy am.  
(*shakes hands with GNATBRAIN.*)

SHAUN. (R.) Gard'ner! I've got a cutting from sweet  
William.

I ought to recollect your faytures, sure  
I never set my eyes on yez befure.

WIL. And what's the news of Susan?

SHAUN. Oh, bedad.

This letter. (*gives letter to WILLIAM.*)



WIL. I can't read it. (*gives it to DOLLY*)

DOLLY. (*gives letter to GNATBRAIN*) Well, its bad.

WIL. Shiver my timbers!

SHAUN. Shivering his timbers?

That's *his* expression, as I well remembers.

WIL. And my dear eyes. (*DOLLY talks to him up c.*)

GNAT. (*with letter*) Yes, that's about the size,  
I know him by the expression of his eyes.

WIL. (R. c.) The dame and Susan scuttled!

DOLLY. (L. c.) Ah, poor souls!

GNAT. Scuttled! They've not a penny to buy coals.

SHAUN. They'll sell her up, down to an ould tin pail.

WIL. (*down R. c.*) They'll sell her, will they? Then  
we'll crowd all sail,

Bid for each lot.

GNAT. We will, *by jingo*.

WIL. (R. c.) What?

*By jingo?* no *buy* everything she's got.

If we don't beat the sharks off, that's my fault,

They don't expect *a sailor* and *assault*.

Now, heave ahead! heave on.

SHAUN. (R.) Your wink's a nod.

DOLLY. (L. c. *coming down*) The sailors always *heavin'*

GNAT. (L.) Ain't it h' *odd*.

#### QUARTETTE. Air—*Perambulator*.\*

WIL. (R. c.) My Susan she has cut for me

Each monkeyfied land lubber,

She's in a willage near a wale

And her uncle makes her blubber.

I've sailed to east, to west I've been,

Aboard of flag and guardships,

While every sort of ship I've seen,

Except my Susan's hardships.

She's the girl to make you stare

And she wears her own hair,

---

\* Published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street.

The lovely locks o' natur,  
No wife could be  
More fitter than she  
For a British navigator.

SHAUN. (R.) I'm sorry for the wretched state  
Of this black-eyed young cratur,  
For bedad she's not a bit to ate,  
Not even a cold potatur.  
And thim what persecutes a gal  
I'd sind to the Ould Bailey,  
Or give thim instead, some advice on that head,  
With a word from my shillelagh.  
Oh! it puts me in a rage  
Any fellows I'd engage  
Who dare to touch or bate her,  
Sure I don't care  
Not even if he were  
A Turk or an alligator.

GNAT. (L.) If Susan's not enough to eat,  
A little treat we'll take her,  
From the top of the hill take a roll we will,  
And say it comes from the baker.

DOLLY. (L. C.) Something to drink she'd like, I think,  
So to my care confide her,  
She'll be beside herself when she  
Sees the tippie, being *be-cider*.  
For she's just about the age  
When one would engage  
Her for a parlour waiter.  
Or as ladies maid.  
Or a nurse well paid  
To drive a perambulator.

*Chorus.*

She's the girl to make you stare,  
And she wears her own hair,  
The lovely locks o' natur;  
No wife could be  
More fitter than she  
For a British navigator.

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of Dame Hatley's Cottage.*

*Music.* Enter DAME HATLEY, door, L.

DAME. It's very hard, and nothing can be harder  
Than for three weeks to have an empty larder;  
I'm in the leaf of life that's sere and yellar  
Requiring little luxuries in the cellar.  
There are no *cellars* such as I requires,  
But there soon will be, when there are some *buyers*.  
Destiny's finger to the work'us points,  
A stern voice whispers "Time is out of joints."  
I used to live by washing, now no doubt,  
As I can't get it, I must live without—  
'The turncock turned the water off—dear me!  
I showed no quarter—and no more did he.  
Thus, with the richer laundress I can't cope.  
Being at present badly off for soap.  
My son, the comfort of the aged widdy,  
Is still a sailor, not yet made a middy,  
But sailing far away: it may be *my* son  
Is setting somewhere out by the horizon.  
He's cruising in the offing, far away,  
Would he were here, I very offing say. (*Music.*)  
Susan returns, I see her through the pane,  
She's sold our last resource.

*Enter SUSAN, hurriedly, L., door—bars door and stands with her back against it.*

DAME. (R.)

Yes!

SUSAN. (L.)

Sold again!

DAME. What's sold?

SUSAN.

A captain with a picket  
Of marines, who followed me.

DAME.

You've got the ticket?

SUSAN. Ticket? what, anything on that you mean?  
They've done it five times on your crinoline,  
It had no strength he said, and so I bent on it  
But broke it, showing nothing could be lent on it.



I couldn't press it on him, that's the truth,  
'Cos it had passed the *spring* time of its youth.  
His heart's like steel. (*gives DAME crinoline and goes to window.*)

DAME. (*going to door, L.*) Like that in which I dressed ;  
No, no, for that would " *give* " on being *press'd*,  
I'll try myself.

(*unbars door*) I will get on my bonnet (*takes bonnet from peg at door, L.*)

SUSAN Get on your bonnet ? *What can you get on it ?*  
DOGGRASS *opens door. DAME gets behind it. He knocks his hat off, and stands curtsying L. when he turns.*

DOG. (c.) How do you do, dear niece ?

SUSAN. (R.) Do not dear me, drop it ;  
You are my uncle—

(*DAME hangs bonnet on peg L., but keeps crinoline for future business.*)

DOG. Uncle ? Yes, my pop-pet.  
I came to have a talk.

DAME. (L.) Oh, pooh, get out.

SUSAN. (R.) As you're my uncle, you can't come to spout.

DAME. You come to see me, Doggrass.

DOG. Yes, ma'am you,  
For rent and yet for rent I come to *Sue*.  
So if you can't stump up, good Missis Hatley,  
You'll both turn out of doors, I'll tell you flatly.

SUSAN. Flatly ! You needn't speak so sharply though  
We can pay you a part of what we owe ;  
Just half a farthing in the pound.

DOG. What's that ?  
You took the whole ; I don't let out a flat.

DAME. No, you take precious care to let 'em in  
For a considerable amount of tin.

SUSAN. This is a run up house, and we're done brown.

DOG. A run up house ? Come, don't you run it down.

SUSAN. (R.) No wall or window is without a crack.

DAME. (L.) I've always had rheumatics in the back

Since I've been here: each day I'm more rheumaticker.

DOG. (c.) Are you, indeed!

SUSAN. I've suffered from sciatica.

DAME. And from the draughts, I do not know a *day* go  
Without a horrid touch of the lumbago.

SUSAN. The walls are damp.

DOG. Then wipe 'em till they're drier.

DAME. The chimnies smoke.

DOG. Well, mum, don't light a fire.

SUSAN. The windows let the draughts in.

DOG. I've no doubt—

But recollect they also let it out.

When I let you this cottage by the sea,

You didn't think that you would have it free.

SUSAN. (c.) You were my uncle, and on this occasion  
Your stinginess proves you a *near* relation.

DOG. (R.) I am respected in this town of Deal.

SUSAN. To those who do not know you, you appeal.

DOG. I'm a plain dealer, niece.

DAME. (L.) You are. (SUSAN calms her.)

SUSAN.

True: for

I never a much plainer dealer saw.

Once, you a pedlar were, and on your back

A box—in fact a dealer with a pack.

Talking of packs, pack off, we will not kneel

To you, you've played your card, now cut for Deal.

DOG. Without my rent, no, no.

DAME. (×ing in front of SUSAN to c. SUSAN holds  
her back.) I'd like to shake him.

DOG. (×ing to c. as if going to L. DAME gets behind to  
R.) With it I'll go to Deal.

SUSAN.

You will—(aside) Deil take him.

#### CONCERTED PIECE.

AIR—"In the Gypsy's Life." (Bohemian Girl.)

SUSAN. (c.) In the landlord's face you read  
The happy life you're going to lead,

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes

Sleeping in the open air.

DAME. (R.) Our wants are few.

DOG. They will be fewer too.

And easy to supply.

SUSAN. (L.)

But what is worse

I have no purse.

DOG. A want you feel as well as I.

SUSAN. My heart t'will wring!

SUSAN and DAME. My heart t'will wring!

DOG. That is a thing.

That is a thing.

Which we don't know in Deal.

TRIO.

In the Landlord's face we read,  
The happy life, &c., &c. (*as before.*)

(*Chord—Enter HATCHETT and RAKER dancing down c. through door, both carrying large purses, which they chink while dancing and singing.*)

R. DAME, RAKER, DOGGRASS, HATCHETT, SUSAN. L.

AIR—"Pretty Jemima."

HATC. (L. c.) We've come right upon a starboard tack.

RAKE. (R. c.) Your tick and our tack,

And our tack-tick-tack.

HATC. We've got enough money to pay your whack,

And you will live rent free.

RAKE. You never again will have to work,

I've brought you a pound of tea

SUSAN. (L.) Oh! what an event!

He's paid your rent!

And settled the difficulty.

Oh!

HATC. Pretty Secusan, what you owe,

O you O,

O heigh O,

Pretty Secusan, what you owe,

You only owe to me.



*Chorus.*

Pretty Seeusan, what you owe,  
O you O,  
Ohio!

Pretty Seeusan, what you owe,  
I only owe to he!

*(Short dance to symphony, leaving them thus.)*

R. DOGGRASS. DAME. RAKER. SUSAN. HATCHETT. L.

HATC. Now I am anxious to know my fate.

SUSAN. Know his fate?

Oh; you must wait.

HATC. Say, will you enter the happy state,  
That is, of matrimonee?

SUSAN. You do not know,  
But I'll tell you so,  
That to marry I am not free,  
For I've got a spouse,  
At Ryde or Cowes,  
And his name is little Billee.

Oh!

Pretty Seeusan must say no

Oh! oh, no, no, no

Pretty Seeusan must say no,  
For she can't married be.

*Chorus.*

Pretty Seeusan, don't say no,  
Don't say no. Ohio.

Pretty Seeusan, don't say no,  
Answer we'll married be.

SUSAN. Thanks generous stranger, but I must refuse.

HATC. Here's William's messmate as has got some  
news.

SUSAN. His messmate!

HATC. That you were, Tom, warn't you.

RAKE. *(sulkily)* Yes.

HATC. You found him.

SUSAN. Where?

RAKE. (C.) In such a jolly mess.

DOG. (R.) You saw him last?

RAKE. I didn't.

SUSAN. Not so fast.

DAME. (R. C.) You saw him last.

RAKE. No; 'cos he didn't last.

We struck: and Bill went down full fathom five,

*Enter WILLIAM, L. D., gets C.*

I turned and saw —— (DAME starts forward to left, RAKER starts back to R.)

DAME. WILLIAM.

RAKER,

SUSAN.

R. DOGGRASS.

HATCHETT. L.

SUSAN. Ah, William! Alive! (*Tableau.*)

WIL. What, Susan! My dear eyes! You ugly swabs, Belay there, mother, while I punch their nobbs.

One of the British navy can wop six

Of you. I'll soon "confound your knavish tricks,"

So rule *Britannia*: don't let this unman yer,

While I with this ere small sword *Bright-tan-yer*.

Clear the decks all of you. Attend to orders.

DOG. (*x'ing to c.*) But they're my lodgers.

WIL. No, they're parlour-boarders.

*Fight.*—WILLIAM, HATCHETT, and RAKER. DOGGRASS and DAME, R. HATCHETT is beaten on one knee, R.; RAKER, L. WILLIAM on one knee, C., when at the window appear two marines with guns, pointing them at HATCHETT and RAKER, and CAPTAIN CROSSTREE enters C. After fight, RAKER sneaks over to R., is met by a marine, and is caught by the leg by DOGGRASS whom the DAME has beaten down and covered with crinoline. HATCHETT does the same business. DOGGRASS catching him on his L.

WILLIAM.

MARINES.

HATCH.

SUSAN.

DOGGRASS.

CAPTAIN.

R. RAKER.

DAME. L.

CAPT. Present! don't fire yet upon these strugglers,  
I needn't tell you that these two are smugglers,  
Handcuff 'em.

DAME. (L. corner) Let me do it.

CAPT. (gets L.) You?

DAME. Oh! dear——

It's on my card, sir, "Ironing done here."

CAPT. (aside) 'Tis she! my heart!

DOG. (x's to c.) Young Will, your uncle means  
Kindly to both.

WIL. Tell that to the marines.

(x's and salutes the CAPTAIN, then speaks to DAME.)

HATC. He's one of us.

DOG. I drop these smugglers here,  
And in repentance drop a private tear.

CAPT. (aside) She shall be mine. (takes L. H. corner)

WIL. (L. c.) Now pitch care overboard,  
Tipple the grog and drink it like a lord—  
Captain You'll drink, free gratis to all comers,  
Let's start the rummyest cask, and fill the rummers.  
Those fellows there, upon whose track we've crept,  
Know where the very best of liquor's kept  
'That's not paid toll; that's mum, and it's our booty,  
England expects her sons to "do" their duty,  
And England shan't be disappointed—Eh?  
So pipe all hands for fiddling. Pipe away!

SUSAN. Visions of piping times of peace, entrancing!  
Listen to me, and pipe all legs for dancing.

CAPT. Well, as the changes upon pipes you're ringing,  
Let us begin with clear all pipes for singing. (all cough)

SONG.—AIR—*Jenny Riddle*.\*

HIL. Let us broach a cask of grog,  
And together let us jog,

MARINE.

R. HAT. RAK. DOG. SUS. WIL. DAME. CAPT. L.

For *I* have found my Susan true, my Black-  
eyed pretty gal.

---

\* Published by H. D'Alcorn and Co., 8, Rathbone-place, W.





GNAT. (*brings her down; she carries a jug and mug*)  
 Don't you go winking at those sailor fellows,  
 Or else you'll go and make your Gnatbrain jealous;  
 I've watched you.

DOLLY. (R.) Have you? and I've watched you drinking.

GNAT. (L. c.) Young woman, you've been going on  
 like-winkin'.

*Enter SHAUN O'PLOUGHSHARE, R. U. E., he comes down L.*

GNAT. I saw them spooning you; and then one 'ups  
 And kisses you.

DOLLY. They're *spoons* when in their *cups*.

GNAT. I saw him round you *whisk* his arm too frisky.

SHAUN. (L.) Now did I hear tell anything o'whisky?

DOLLY. (*crossing c.*) A little drop (*preparing to pour it out.*)

SHAUN. Sure, why's that like your waist?  
 The littlest drop? bekase it's that that's laste. (*laced*)

DOLLY goes up to sailors.

GNAT. This didn't see the Customs, I can do it,

SHAUN. The Customs wouldn't see it, if they knew it.

*Enter DOGGRASS, L. U. E. and down L., as he comes down  
 he orders something of DOLLY, who brings a stone bottle  
 and mugs to table L. GNATBRAIN, R.*

SHAUN. My little bottle, if ye plaze, ye'll fill. (to  
 GNATBRAIN.)

Whiskey, with all thy faults, I love thee still. (*drinks.*)

DOG. (*hitting SHAUN on the back while he's drinking*)  
 Pat!

SHAUN. (*chokes*) Don't.

DOG. I was but patting you.

SHAUN. I'm bless'd

If that's a pattern, sorr to set the rest.

DOG. (*motioning him up to L., GNATBRAIN up R. at back  
 looking after DOLLY*) You'll take a glass of Eau de  
 Vie.

SHAUN. (*crossing in front of DOGGRASS to L. of L. table*)  
 That O!

Sounds like some Irish liquor I don't know. (*sits.*)

DOG. (*sits R. of table. SHAUN drinks*) I think you've got a letter, Shaun, for me.

SHAUN. You're very welcome if you like to see.

(DOGGRASS opens SHAUN'S post bag, and takes out lots of letters.)

DOLLY. (*to sailor, R.*) Leave me alone.

GNAT. (*L. C. bringing her down C.*) You wicked flirting crittur!

SHAUN. (*looking at heap of letters*) Sure them notes makes a mighty tidy litter.

GNAT. (*R. C. with DOLLY*) I saw a sailor kiss you, oh, if I Had but been born a giant ten foot high.

DOLLY. (*R.*) Kiss me? You fancy it.

GNAT. Now, that I call Absurd, for I don't fancy it all. (*she goes up, and he after her.*)

SHAUN. This Odewee is very pleasant tippie, I'm in Ould Ireland, seeing *Dublin* people.

DOG. Gifts you with second sight: a quaintish whim (*aside*) But he can't see me doubling on him. (*pockets a letter, and rising.*)

Thank you; don't move: no, I must go away — As you insist upon it, you shall pay.

(*reads address of letter aside, going R.*)

"To Captain Crosstree," p'raps a prize worth landin', If not, at all events, 'twill keep my hand in. (*Exit R.*)

(SHAUN goes on drinking at table stupidly. GNATBRAIN looks off R. at back. SAILORS rise.)

GNAT. (*to 1ST SAILOR*) Three cheers for William.

DOLLY. (*to 2ND SAILOR*) And Black-eyed Susan. (SAILORS cheer and form R. and L. Enter WILLIAM and SUSAN from back, and come down C.—DAME follows.

WIL. Thanks, messmates, have you got your dancing shoes on?

SUSAN. Now, mother, you must dance. No doleful dumps.

DAME. I'm a mere wreck.

WILLIAM. SUSAN.

DOLLY.

DAME.

R. GNATBRAIN.

(Table) SHAUN. L.

WIL. A wreck, pooh! Work your pumps. (WILLIAM talks to DOLLY and SAILORS. GNATBRAIN R. C.) She seems "all in the Downs."

SUSAN. (*supporting DAME.*) She will be when She hears a tune. All in the *Breakdowns* then.

*Enter CAPTAIN CROSSTREE from Public House R. with bottle and glass. SUSAN leaves DAME, who sits and drinks SHAUN's liquor.*

WIL. (R.) The captain.

CAPT. (C.) Well, my tight trim sailors, might Your captain ask you not to get too tight, As everyone must be aboard to-night. (*sensation*) The time and tide we can't afford to lose—

SUSAN. This is a very tidy bit of news. (*turns to WILLIAM*)

CAPT. (*starting aside*) Ah! there she is, she's lovely, on my life!

Who is she? (*brings GNATBRAIN down.*)

GNAT. Black-eyed Susan—William's wife.

CAP. (*aside*) His wife! Aha! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! This is far from droll—

It's very wrong. Another glass of wine! (*drinks.*)

She could—she should—she must—she shall be mine!

If William interferes let William tremble.

But soft—I am observed; I must dissemble.

SUSAN. Your honour!

CAPT. (*aside, L. C.*) She's appealing to my honour.

SUSAN. We want to ask —

CAPT. The lovely Black-eyed donna. Donner and blitzen!

SUSAN. If, sir, your proclivities Are musical, you'd join in our festivities And sing —

ALL. A song.

CAPT. (*coughs affectedly*) You hear me cough to often!

SUSAN. Then why not sing the old song, Long Tom Coffin?

SAILORS.

CAPTAIN.

SUSAN.

DOLLY.

R. WILLIAM.

GNATBRAIN.

R.

DAME. (*Table*) SHAUN. L.

CAPT. Worth any lot of notes are those sweet looks !

DAME. (*while SHAUN raps the table with his shillelagh*)  
Silence ! for number Onety in the books.

## SONG.

AIR—" *Champagne Charley is my name.*" \*

CAPT. Oh ! when I was no higher than  
A small powder mon-kee,  
I was shipped aboard the Leviathan,  
And sent away to sea ;  
I sat among the mainstay bobs,  
As happy as a flea,  
And the mermaids came to comb their nobs,  
And wink their eyes at me.  
Captain Crosstree is my name ! (*bis*)  
Good for any game to-night, my boy ;  
Then, brave boys ! back again to sea,

*Chorus.* Captain Crosstree, &c.

WIL. I know the little story, 'cos  
It's known all over Deal ;  
It happened when the party was  
A-sitting on a keel,  
A mermaid came up on the spray,  
And he gives her a kiss ;  
But Mister Mermaid said belay !  
Your name, sir, and address.  
Captain Crosstree, &c.

*Chorus.* Captain Crosstree, &c.

SUSAN. She said that she should be his wife,  
And his wife she'd have been,  
If she had left her water life  
And worn a crinoline,  
Her father cussed the Cap'en from  
His head down to his heel,  
So one don't know what may happen from  
His sitting on a keel.

Captain Crosstree is his name, &c.

*Chorus.* Captain Crosstree, &c.

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\* Published by C. Sheard, 192, High Holborn, W.C.



SHAUN. Here's the Captain's health—the song's a ripper.

CAPT. (*at table, R.*) And I'll propose a **dance**, as I'm the skipper.

SUSAN. (*L. C.*) You'll want a partner?

CAPT. (*down C.*) Partner (*aside*) I must smother My joy.

WIL. Let me present you to —— (*SUSAN leaves him and goes up as DAME comes in her place, while the CAPTAIN is bowing*) My mother.

CAPT. (*aside, R. C.*) Dash it! (*aloud*) Perhaps a round dance makes you giddy,  
Or you're engaged. (*as if going.*)

DAME. (*L. C. taking his arm*) Engaged? No, I'm a widdy.

CAPT. Then I shall have the pleasure (*aside*) Hum.

DAME. You will—

The mazy waltz, the polka, or quadrille,  
You'll find I am, of exercise, no shirker,  
I'll join you in a shuffle, jig, mazourka. (*imitates and x's to R.*)

CAPT. (*L.*) I'm yours. (*bows profoundly.*)

DAME. He is as stately as a Kemble.

CAPT. (*offers his arm*) Come (*aside*) as said before I must dissemble. (*goes up to R.*)

Dance—WILLIAM and SUSAN, GNATBRAIN playing the fiddle *L. on table*, and SHAUN the pipes, standing *L. of table*. WILLIAM and SUSAN do the double hornpipe, and then *exeunt R. U. E.* Then CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, WIDOW, GNATBRAIN; SHAUN and DOLLY dance an Irish jig, CROSSTREE and WIDOW doing it on a door that is laid down immediately WILLIAM and SUSAN have danced off. CROSSTREE and WIDOW are both tired out, having danced each other down, and are carried off by SHAUN and GNATBRAIN *R. and L.*, followed by DOLLY. GNATBRAIN carries WIDOW off *R.* After this the Sailors and Girls execute a naval dance with flags, and *exeunt dancing*. Then enter from Inn CAPTAIN CROSSTREE very intoxicated.

CAPT. Would that these arms could Black-ey'd Sue enfold?

That which has made me drunk, hath made them bold—  
 I don't mean that, I mean that I have been  
 Taking too much—and don't know what I mean.  
 I think, I thought, I thought, I thank, I think,  
 Crosstree, my worthy creature, you are drunk.  
 Drunk's not the word, I am not very clear  
 What is—I fancy though, it's the idea—  
 The English language is so, so confoosin'  
 There's only one word in it, and that's Susan.

*Enter SUSAN, pensively, R. U. E. and down L.*

SUSAN. (C.) So William's going to leave again, ah, me.

CAPT. (R.) The very person that I want to see,  
 Come here, my dear.

SUSAN. (*aside*) The truth is on me dawning,  
 Yes, it was he who followed me this morning—  
 I thought so.

CAPT. Sweetisht!

SUSAN. But his speech is thieker,  
 I scarcely knew him, so disguised in liquor.

CAPT. (*approaching, unsteadily*) I love you to subtraction.

SUSAN. (*eludes him and gets behind table, L.*) If you please  
 Do let me go. (*he sprawls on table.*)

CAPT. (*steadying himself*) You are, my dear, the eheese,  
 And I've been toasting you! It is my habit.

SUSAN. Oh! you've had something stronger than Welch rabbit.

CAPT. I'll a Port Admiral be, one day, my gal.

(*She passes in front of him to R. he seizes her gown.*)

SUSAN. (L.) Port Admiral, more like a Ginny-ral.

CAPT.  
 Gin a body  
 See a body  
 Walking all awry,  
 If a body  
 Kiss a body  
 Need a body cry?

SUSAN.

Gin and toddy  
 Make a body  
 Walk about awry,  
 And a roddy  
 To your body  
 Some one should apply.

CAPT. (*hazily*) For auld lang syne, my friend,  
 For auld lang syne.

SUSAN. (*angrily*) Oh! bring this nonsense to an end  
 For you've had too much wine.  
 (*He attempts to clasp her round the waist.*)

CAPT. Be mine. (*hurried music*)

SUSAN. Unhand me, monster.

CAPT. Hold your row!

SUSAN. Help! William, help! (*shakes off CROSSTREE,*  
*and runs down to L.—then makes as if about to*  
*attempt passing him to R. U. E.)*

CAPT. (*R. C. up. Sneeringly*) Oh, yes! Help! help!  
 but how! (*seizes her and drags her towards C.*  
*and R., as WILLIAM, followed by SAILORS, GNAT-*  
*BRAIN, DOLLY, DOGGRASS, DAME, enters R. U. E.*

WIL. Susan! among the buccaneers! Die! (*runs*  
*CROSSTREE through with cutlass as SUSAN gets*  
*to WILLIAM and falls in his arms R.) Picture.*

CAPT. (*falling C.*) Ow!

DAME. The Captain!

DOG. Ain't you been and done it now!

SAILORS.

SAILORS.

WILLIAM.

SAILORS.

SUSAN.

DAME.

CROSSTREE.

DOGGRASS.

R. GNATERAIN.

(*fallen.*)

DOLLY. L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Telegraph Office.*

*Enter* SHAUN O'PLOUGHSHARE *and a Telegraphic Clerk* L.

SHAUN. (L.) Bedad, I understand what ye requires—  
 Sure, 'tis an aisy thing to work thim wires.

'Tis a fine sight entirely! I suppose  
Thim lines is for the clerks to dry their clothes——  
Quite a line regiment! When will I begin?

BOY. (R.) Don't send no messages without the tin;  
A guinea for a word, so just mind, old 'un!

SHAUN. Silence is silver here, and speech is golden.

BOY. I'll leave ye now. (*Exit R.*)

SHAUN. Sure, there is much to larn,  
And he laves me to wash the whole concern.

*Enter DOLLY, R.*

DOLLY. You've heard the news? They're trying that  
poor Willum

On board by a court-martial.

SHAUN. Och! they'll kill 'um.

*Enter GNATBRAIN with papers L.*

GNAT. (L.) The lawyers say—they're right, depend  
upon't——

It's witnesses to character they want.

DOLLY. (R.) I'll go for one.

GNAT. And so will I, for Bill.

SHAUN. (C.) What go for one! I'll go myself, I will;  
I'll write to say we're coming. (X's to R.)

(*Several telegraph bells ring suddenly.*)

DOLLY. (to SHAUN, who is going R. C.) That's the  
thing——

The telegraph. (*gets L. C.*)

SHAUN. (R. C. at back) Sure, where did that bell ring?

*Enter SUSAN distractedly, R.*

SUSAN. What belle! don't talk of belles, with Will in  
fettters.

Can't I send to him——(*pointing to telegraph wires.*)

By these Bell's letters?

(*seizing SHAUN*) Where's the Atlantic line? do work it  
quick!

SHAUN. (R.) Sure! ye must pay.

SUSAN. (R. C.) Pay! for the Atlantic? (X's to L.)



Oh! this is a hard struggle to go through,  
When I would send my Bill a *billy-doo!*

DOLLY. (R.) He wants a guinea for one word!

SUSAN. (to SHAUN, C.) Let's run.

The twenty words I'll send him into one.

GNAT. You'd spin a sort of yarn.

SHAUN. (at back c.) Oh! mighty fine!

SUSAN. A string of words, to make a single line!

To save my William, say you will befriend him?  
Or else another single line will end him.

SHAUN. The boy said they must pay, before he went  
hence,

Ten words rolled into one won't stop his sentence.

SUSAN. My Will must have two witnesses.

SHAUN. Then pay!

SUSAN. (C.) Wherever there's a will there's a way.

Yet while I'm talking words to fill a vollum,

My William's undergoing *sus per collum* :

And because all my filthy lucre's gone,

I'll be a passive, wretched looker-on.

Oh! I could wring his nose! (SHAUN runs to corner.

DOLLY. (R. C.) Best try the tip!

SUSAN. I can't! How can I get to William's ship?

I'm going mad; I feel it; and my hair,

Which being my own I have a right to tear—

I will, till but one single hair you'll see.

A *single hair* performance that will be;

And I, who once upon a time could make

Up for the pretty "Lady of the Lake,"

Will now make up for all that's gone and shock

You, who'll call me the *Lady of the Lock*,

DOLLY. I fear she doesn't know what she's about.

(SUSAN crossing to her, wildly. GNATBRAIN gets to L.

SUSAN. I don't look in my mind: so you look out:

I might do something that you wouldn't like,

And make a stunning hit with my *Long Strike*.

(turning towards SHAUN, who is L. C., and gets behind

GNATBRAIN.)

GNAT. What noble mind is here o'erthrown!

SUSAN. That's you ;  
I'll overthrow a noble body too. (*walks down GNATBRAIN,*  
*who gets round L. SHAUN gets L. C.*)  
I've caught an air—stop ! I will sing a catch.  
Oh ! Vive l'amour, cigars, and Colney Hatch.  
And by the pricking of my little thumbs,  
I feel that something wicked this way comes.

*Enter HATCHETT and RAKER, R., dressed as River Police,*  
*with DOGGRASS between them, a prisoner.*

HATC. We've cotched a landshark, skulking on a shoal.

SUSAN. Landshark !

RAKE. (*R. corner*) He's here !

SUSAN. Oh, my prophetic soul !  
My uncle !

DOG. Well, niece, you seem very gay.

SUSAN. My Nunky ; Nunky dorum, doodle cum day !  
And you —— (*to HATCHETT.*)

HATC. Hold up, since we've cut our trade,  
River police, miss, us two have been made ;  
And so we've set to work, miss, werry hearty,  
And to begin, we've taken up this party.

GNAT. What has he done ?

RAKE. Hold up ! Nuffing par-ticular,  
But everything in general ; he's no sticklar—  
Nor we in this case.

HATC. Which we give great care to.

RAKE. I'll charge him.

HATC. Yes ; and what you say, I'll swear to.

DOG. You see, these gentlemen are so impartial.

HATC. So telegraph at once to the court-martial.  
Say, send a boat—the first thing they can rig—  
Say, a fast screw.

(*SHAUN bothered at needle.*)

SUSAN. Add, in the captain's gig,  
Then we'll all go.

---

R. RAKE. DOG. HAT. SUSAN. SHAUN. DOLLY. GNAT. L.

SHAUN. Yes, when the tin I've got.

HATC. This chap here shall be purser for the lot.  
(*takes purse out of his pocket.*)

SUSAN. Yes, nunky pays for all. (*pays SHAUN.*)

DOG. All! 'tis a haul!

This is a change indeed!

(*SHAUN bothered by everything.*)

GNAT. (*taking purse*) The change is small.

DOG. But first —

(*The others are engaged in telegraphing.*)

HATC. Be quiet: we'll take no denial,  
Whatever you observe will, on your trial,  
Be used against you; so you'd best behave —

RAKE. And come with us, young William for to save.

SUSAN. Where's the Atlantic line? quick, quicker be.

(*Harp chord, and bell rings.*)

Oh! here it is, of course! The *chord of Sea*.

SHAUN. Now, there. (*bang*) It's gone. (*needle works wildly.*)

And there's the needle playing.

SUSAN. (*in agony*) He says —

SHAUN. (*attempting to follow needle*) He says—he  
can't hear what I'm saying.

SUSAN. Use the large letters.

(*The needle suddenly whirls round and then stops.*)

SHAUN. Here's a situation,

Och! 'tis all over with communication—

'Tis no good trying messages to send off,

Some spalpeen's been and cut the other end off (*xg to L.*)

GNAT. (*rapping*) Why can't you answer to a question?  
Won't you?

DOLLY. You call these clerks the civil servants, don't  
you?

SUSAN. Agony! (*clutches HATCHETT, who clutches  
DOGGRASS, who clutches RAKER, who hits him on the  
head with his staff.*)

I'm on pins and needles!

GNAT. (*seeing a sudden flash illuminate the clock for a moment*) Shaun?

SHAUN. Ah! here's a spark at last. Hoorah!  
(*The face is illuminated with the words "BOAT GONE!"*)

SUSAN. Boat gone! (*the words disappear.*)

GNAT. There's some mistake, I see it at a glance, sir.

DOG. It answers, but it doesn't seem to answer.

SUSAN. Don't let the boat go, say, "Sir, wait a minute, Say a policeman's coming—to go in it.

HATC. (*seeing the clock illuminated again suddenly, and as suddenly the light vanishes—chord*)

The telegraphic letter you wrote

Won't pass—

SUSAN. (*agonised*) Because—

HATC. It's too like a flash note. (*lights up quickly.*)

GNAT. Oh! here we are again.

SHAUN. They want a bating.

SUSAN. (*horrified*) Ship weighing anchor—No!  
(*Only the word "weigh" appears at first, then the whole message, "Weasel's Weighting."*)

#### CONCERTED PIECE.

"*The Mouse Trap*,"\* then "*The Adele Waltz*."

SUSAN. Let us be off to the ship on the sea,  
For the boat's waiting for you and for me:  
Sweeter by far than raspberry jam  
Will come See-usan to her William.

GNAT. Sailing or rowing I feel no alarm,  
Sing Rule Britannia while it is calm.

SHAUN. And, to renew an old joke rather late,  
Sure I hope that Britannia will rule the  
waves straight.

SUSAN. Oh, my! never say die.  
Why—why should any one cry?  
Sweeter by far than raspberry jam  
Will come See-usan to her William.

Chorus. Oh, my! &c.

---

\* Published by C. Sheard, 192, High Holborn, W.C.



- DOG. On board the ship we're expected to go.  
 RAKE. Why you're singing an old song, I know!  
 GNAT. 'Tis Villikins and his Dinah, popular in its  
       day;  
 DOG. And William and Susan may end the same  
       way.  
 HATC. End the same way.  
 H. D. R. End the same way.  
 SUSAN. Chorus of indignant lovers!  
       Oh, my! never say die.  
       Why—why, should anyone cry?  
       Nunky! my words I'll once again say.  
       Nunky Dorum, doodle eum day.  
*Chorus.* Oh, my! never say die:  
       Why—why should anyone cry?  
       Angry with Nunky, all we can then say  
       Is—Nunky Dorum, doodle eum day!

*Hunkey Dorum.*

- SUSAN. Yes, we mean by Nunkey, you,  
 ALL. Nunkey Dorum doodle eum day;  
 DOG. Put my monkey up, you do.  
 ALL. Monkey Dorum doodle eum day;  
 HATC. Governmental Flunkies two,  
 ALL. Hunkey Dorum doodle eum day;  
 RAKE. You look funky—rather blue—  
       Tunkey Dorum doodle um day.  
*Chorus.* 'Twill be as sweet as raspberry jam,  
       When Susan comes to her William:  
       We'll turn all colours from white to brown,  
       When the boat goes up, and the boat goes  
       down. *(dance and off)*

SCENE FIFTH.—*The deck of H.M.S. Poly Phenus. court-martial—LORD HIGH ADMIRAL and ADMIRALS discovered—WILLIAM a prisoner—two MARINES bring down tub R.*

LORD. That you killed Captain Crosstree is quite settled.

ADM. 2. Sent him to grass, in fact, when he was  
*nettled.*

(*Laughter on board, in which the prisoner joins, as does every one except the LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.*)

LORD. Hem! Admiral of the Blue! I think you spoke.  
This isn't an occasion for a joke.

ADM. 3. His jokes are no joke, (*business*)

LORD. Admiral of the Yellow:  
Excuse me—you're a very stoopid fellow!  
Another word, I'll flog you till you *beller*,  
And change your name to Admiral of the Yeller,  
Now I will read a word upon this head.

(*reads from an enormous book, &c.*)

WIL. (*in tub, &c.*) Ah, yes! I see you're Admiral of  
the *Red*.

LORD. Hallo! I'm Lord High Admiral Mr. Prisoner,  
I'm the talker, you must be the lis'ener.

ADM. 2. I'll read.

ADM. 3. You won't.

ADM. 4. I'll make a speech.

LORD. You'll what—

Am I the Lord High Admiral, or not? (*looks at book*)  
What's the first Article?

WIL. Well, I should say,  
Your honours, the first article is "A."

LORD. (*to WILLIAM*) As soon as look at you,  
If you're not quiet, I will throw this book at you.  
(*enquiringly*) You did kill Captain Crosstree, William?

WIL. Why,  
Ain't that the werry question we're here to try.

LORD. We settled that you did.

WIL. Stop! not so fast!  
I claim a trial by a jury mast. (*shake of heads*)  
You shake your heads, I see your eyes a rollin',  
You'll send me up aloft, like poor Tom Bowlin'.  
A mate on a screw steamer, whom I knew,  
Was always thought the darling of his screw.  
But, my dear eyes! I wish to be respectful;

And of my chances not at all neglectful.  
But if your honours have the slightest doubt  
About my case, why don't you fight it out?  
Such an opinion as, my lads, I've got of you  
Ain't much. I don't mind if I fight the lot of you.

*(comes out of tub.)*

LORD. Horse Marines! cover us for our protection.

*(MARINES come down and point at Admirals.)*

Turn your guns in the opposite direction.

We've all agreed! *(Marines put WILLIAM in tub, and then go up stage.)*

ADM. 2.

I'm not.

LORD.

And who are you?

Marines, remove the Admiral of the Blue.

Or—silence! Where's my spectacles? *(preparing to read sentence,)*

WIL.

Refuses

My muscles, and his barnacles he chooses.

LORD. No witnesses to character, I note. *(voices without)*  
Ho! ship ahoy! *(all lift telescopes with one jerk.)*

Perhaps from Cowes.

LORD. Alongside comes a boat.

WIL. *(seeing SAILOR throw rope, R.)* Make that fast  
round your rowlocks.

From Cowes! and they are making for our bulwarks.

*Enter HATCHET, DOGGRASS, and RAKER, over bulwarks.*

HATC. Witnesses in a boat for you to call.

DOG. 'Twas quite a toss-up we were here at all.

*(HATCHET goes down and stands with DOGGRASS, R. of WILLIAM RAKER, L. During the above GNAT-BRAIN, DOLLY, and SHAUN have entered, and are bowing to the Admiral.)*

LORD. He's in a scrape; your bows there is no use in.  
*(They go down.)*

SUSAN. *(without)* Where is he?

WIL.

Ah! that voice!

SUSAN. *(rushing in)* My William!

WIL. Seesusan!

(*Embrace. Everyone unmanned.*)

SUSAN. Cheer up, my Willy! I've been reading for ye, This book of "Every Woman her own Lawyer;" Flotsam and Jetsam—Rules made for the Navy. You'll hear me make those fellows cry "peccavi."

LORD. Now then, young woman, if you please, sit down.

SUSAN. In his counsel—don't you see my gown?

LORD. But where's your wig?

SUSAN. Insult me, don't you try it.

WIL. Never say die!

SUSAN. I don't; I never dye it.

(*goes up to the c. end of table; talks to Admirals.*

HATCHETT takes WILLIAM back to his tub. DAME tumbles up with difficulty. ADMIRALS look at DAME through telescopes.)

DAME. Oh, dear! If safe again I get to shore, You'll never catch me on the sea no more.

WIL. Mother cheer up!

DAME. I can't cheer up. Bad luck! it Feels (*they offer her a bucket to sit on; she upsets it*)

As if I was going to kick the bucket. Ill omen! ill o' woman!

LORD. Sit to leeward.

DAME. Could you oblige me with a glass of ———, steward? (*sits at corner of table, and is attended to by the Admiral.*)

SUSAN. I've studied for the bar. I give my calm aid To William.

DAME. (L.) Lor! here's Susan as a barmaid.

WIL. Now you have all embarked, the case begins.

DAME. Embarked you call it, I've em-barked my shins.

SUSAN. Now witnesses to ch'racter. Gnatbrain can speak to him.

GNAT. (*crosses to R. c.*) William, how d'ye do, my man?

LORD. Address the prisoner, we must forbid it.

GNAT. I thought I was to speak to him, and did it. (*stands on an inverted pail.*)

SUSAN. (*as counsel*) How do you like him?

GNAT. Like him? pretty well.



SUSAN. Stand down, call Doggrass.

HATC. Doggrass.

SUSAN. You're to tell

Something, but only truth the law allows.

DOG. Thank you, I'm the uncle to his spouse

SUSAN—you'll see the likeness in my phiz.

SUSAN. Of William speak!

DOG. A nice young man he is.

SUSAN. You've known him—

DOG. Know him well, ten years about.

SUSAN. You've always found him—

DOG. Always found him out;

He's very bad.

SUSAN. Stand down. (*business.*)

RAKE. Stand down.

WIL. I see

There's not much good you're standing up for me.

SUSAN. Call Shaun O'Ploughshare.

RAKE. Shaun—

HATC. O'Ploughshare, where?

SHAUN. (*crossing to R. C.*) 'Tis soon to make a call  
upon a share.

WIL. Speak up for me.

SHAUN. I will so, with facil'ty.

SUSAN. Well, the accused you know?

SHAUN. Accused? He's guilty!

SUSAN. As to his character, 'tis not a bad one.

SHAUN. Sure, good or bad, I niver knew he had one.

SUSAN. Stand down!

HAT. Stand down!

LORD. Dame Hatley?

(*Sm ill chair, DAME sits and puts her feet in bucket.*)

DAME. Right, old fellar!

Excuse me—I must take my umbrella.

This here young person is my only child,

Thank goodness! which he were a little wild.

I never saw in him the least improvement—

You couldn't stop the ship's unpleasant movement.

It's most important what I've got to tell,

But I can't do it if I don't feel well.  
I feel as if I'd danced a too-quick waltz:  
Ain't any sailor got a sniff of salts?

O, you bad boy, to bring me here. For one,  
I hope you'll punish him for what he's done.

SUSAN. Stand down!

DAME. D'ye mean to execute him gents?  
I hope it won't put me to no expense,  
For I'm his widowed mother; if the Crown  
Would like to pension me ——

RAKE. Stand down!

HATC. Sit down!

SUSAN. He's served Britannia, she as rules the waves,  
And Britons never, never shall be slaves;  
(“Hear, hear.”)

He's served her, man and boy, in her employ;  
He was a life-preserver when a boy,  
And saved the man whom now he's charged with killing:  
Just look at everybody's eyes a-filling  
With tears.

LORD. Then plead “Not guilty.”

WIL. No, old cock!

I'm not an old hull lying in a dock;  
I'm not much in the speechifying way,  
Except shivering timbers and belay.  
Bless my dear eyes, and heave ahead! I could  
Dance you a hornpipe, if that's any good.

LORD. “First article”—no hornpipes near the gun-  
wale;

Next—Smoking not allowed abaft the funnel.

WIL. Susan! you're my sheet anchor. (*pulls out flag*)

SUSAN. See his grief;

And keep your eyes upon his handkerchief,  
While he keeps his upon it.

LORD. Take that back;

The prisoner's using our best Union Jack.

SUSAN. Your Ludships! I've one witness yet to call:  
Jump up! He'll clear him; then, I think that's all.  
Now, Serjeant Hatchett, speak! you'll be believed.

(*business with pencils and paper*)

HATC. My lads, from information I received,  
 I went to London, where I saw a crowd,  
 Near the Alhambra, talking very loud.  
 I saw, sir, in the centre of the men,  
 A sight that horror-struck me, sir, and then  
 I found that he's the boy who, I will swear  
 Painted the statue, sir, in Leicester-square.

ALL. Oh!

(*WILLIAM disappears in tub.*)

SUSAN. Up till now your worships have been told  
 That he (the prisoner's) been as good as gold.

LORD. That he's no longer gold, but guilt-y's clear,  
 At least, I must say that is my idea.

Now, gentlemen, you're charged, so you may doff  
 Your hats.

SUSAN. They're cocked, and they are going off.

DAME. Well, they've gone off, and what is their report?

LORD. Thus we record the sentence of the court.

ADMIRALS *with bones, banjo, fiddle, tambourine, &c.*—*clear off tables, &c.*

ALL. For he's a jolly bad fellow,  
 Nor he's a jolly bad fellow (*bis*)  
 And so say all of us, &c.  
 It's a way we have in the army,  
 It's a way we have in the Navy (*bis*)—  
 Young William is *guilty*.  
 Hip, hip, hip, hooray!

(*All cheer, led by LORD HIGH ADMIRAL. CROSSTREEK appears at the wheel.*)

CAPT. (*singing*) Young William's *not guilty*.

SUSAN. The Captain! and alive, as it would seem!

CAPT. A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 Farewell, a long farewell to all imbibing!  
 This is the state of man as I'm describing:  
 To-day he takes a glass because he's dry,  
 To-morrow, one to wet the other eye;  
 The third day takes one extra, just to shed  
 A tear—he feels it gets into his head;

The fourth day takes two extra ones, and feels  
 'Stead of his head it's got into his heels;  
 And in the morning, with, perhaps, two suits on,  
 He finds himself in bed, but with two boots on;  
 Then after that he's nowhere; and that's how  
 He falls, as I did—which I won't do now;  
 For I should be considerably shaken.

Here is my medal—yes, the Pledge I've taken.

LORD. Oh, this won't do at all. There is no flaw  
 In the indictment—you are dead in law,  
 And we'll soon settle matters if you're not,  
 I'll call out the marines and have you shot.

HATC. Stop! here's a letter.

SHAUN. Which he took from me.

CAPT. Which says that William, well, it says he's free.

WIL. But Doggrass.

DAME. Pitch him over.

GNAT. Pitch, tar, feather him.

SHAUN. Give me five minutes with him, I'll leather  
 him.

WIL. So, Susan, it's all finished, let's get on'ard.  
 You see your little Bill is not dishonoured.

SUSAN. Dishonoured! No! and if our kind friends will  
 But give their names to back our little Bill,  
 Then we may safely say the thing is done,  
 Thus taken up our little Bill will run.

FINALE. AIR—" *Champagne Charlie is my name.*"

WIL. Our Nautical Burlesque we end,  
 The good old story's done.

HATC. And if their names our friends will lend,  
 Our little Bill will run.

CROS. Yes, if you're pleased, we hope you'll back  
 Your Crosstree.

SUSAN. WILLIAM.

CROSSTREE c. LORD H. A.

RAKER.

GNATERAIN.

HATCH.

DOLLY.

R. DOGGRASS.

SHAUN. L.



DAME.

And his Dame.

SUSAN.

And if you're asked whose Bill—then Black-  
Eyed Susan is the name.

Black-eyed Susan is my name,

If you say 'tis good to-night, my boys,

Then you'll come back again to see.

*Chorus.*

Black-eyed Susan, &c., &c., &c.

*“Rule Britannia.”*

CAPT. (C.) Rule Britannia,

Britannia rules the waves,

For Britons always, always, always——

LORD.

Bless the Prince of Wales!

*Chorus.*

Rule Britannia,

&c., &c., &c.

CURTAIN.

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